

Sympathy For The Devil

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Sympathy For The Devil

by [dnfsinner](#)

Summary

Dream has to let him go eventually. And when he does, the first place George looks is his hands—caught awkwardly in front of his body, fiddling with one of the rings he wears around his fingers.

Rings? George lets himself be distracted by the jewelry for a moment before he notices the tattoo.

The fucking hand tattoo. As if Dream's hands aren't already hot without the added decorations—decorations George hasn't even considered in his little fantasies. The ones when he's moaning into his pillow, spilling the name of *Dream* into silky fabric until it's practically overused by his tongue.

Or, George has an obsession with Dream's hands, and when the boy stops showing them without a reason, he feels as if he's going through a drought. But once he arrives in Florida, he's plagued with the reasons as to why.

Notes

millie here !! so this fic is gifted to mars [isntitcrazy](#) as they so graciously let me finish one of their wips. I really enjoyed writing this and I hope you all will enjoy reading it!!

see you all at the endnotes :)

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Dream has stopped showing his hands on the internet.

George notices this. *Of course*, he notices. He's always had a little too strong of an attachment to all the pictures of Dream's hands—both the ones that everyone got to see, and the ones only meant for him. The zoomed-in merch photos that litter Twitter and all of the screenshotted images that roll over from Snapchat and into his gallery. George *really* likes Dream's hands.

And he can sit there and attempt to defend it, make some half-assed claim that it's all he gets to see of Dream, and that's what makes him grow so attached. That it's somehow the fault of Dream himself, because he's neglected to show George his face and leaves him to claw desperately for scraps. Pathetically hand-shaped scraps.

It was more than a little weird. The way George could stare at those pictures forever, the way he'd close his eyes and drag his hands down his body and pretend they weren't his—pretend they were Dream's. George would try and imagine how much of a size discrepancy there is between their hands, see if he can procure the visual that is their palms pressing together—Dream's fingers might be longer than his, might be thicker, his whole palm might look larger next to George's.

Something about the thought of it is intoxicating. Anything about Dream's hands is intoxicating, from the veins that run beneath his skin to the stretch of his fingers. Maybe George is getting a little desperate—he's always been a little desperate—so when Dream stops showing them off, he may as well have just shot George dead.

In every merch photo he poses for, his hands sit intentionally in his pockets. He stops sending George pictures where he's holding Patches, or even just the blurry photos of his computer screen where his hand is still visible on the keyboard. It's like they've never even existed to begin with, like Dream has *always* tried to hide his hands, like something *happened* to them.

Of course, George isn't the only one who notices the sudden change. But he still feels like a train has just run him over. Maybe twice, just for emphasis.

He's tempted to ask about it. Next time he's on a call with Dream—“*hey, did something happen to your hands?*”—like he's more concerned than he is desperate. But he's spent so long going back and forth on himself trying to decide if that is a good idea or not, that he may as well have been missing his window of opportunity.

Because now, it's been too long. Now, it's just become a part of life—Dream doesn't show his hands. The already faceless man has become even *more* hidden from the world, and it's been months since George has last seen a picture of Dream with visible skin in it.

Is this the Victorian era? George may actually die if Dream shows him his wrist, but he doesn't

even have that. Hands tucked away in hoodie pockets, smiling masks that dare to taunt him. George is going to lose his mind.

He's resorted to finding pictures of *other* people's hands to fill the void. His computer is filled with files upon files of other men's hands, and he's running out of jerk-off material. That thought alone is enough to make him feel sick. But he's already in too deep.

It's after six months of handless Dream when he asks George to come visit him. George nearly jumps out of his skin at the prospect, but he manages to stutter out a "yes" before the stretch of silence grows too awkward. And among all his excited thoughts regarding the trip—from Dream's face to just the mere thought of *Dream*—George finds it in him to revisit the thought about his hands.

He's getting to see them again. *In person*. Maybe he can finally push their hands up against each other and compare sizes, maybe he'll get to touch Dream's skin for a little longer than that, just a little bit more.

He could dream. *Ironic*.

It's not like Dream is secretive enough to wear gloves around George for the whole week. George can understand not wanting there to be any more pictures of them (though he did have trouble), but not letting *anyone* see them? He has to go out in public eventually, and wearing gloves to the grocery store during a Florida summer isn't exactly normal behavior.

And it's summer when George arrives. Hot, humid, insufferable summer. Dream *tried* to sway him into visiting in late fall, but George allows his typically covered over-excitement to slip through when he insists he comes *as soon as possible*. Dream isn't going to protest. So here they are.

Finding someone whose face you didn't know amongst a sea of strangers proves to be complicated. But with an incredibly vague description and enough "*I see you* :)" texts, George finds Dream standing at the edge of the terminal's baggage claim. George is so quick to let Dream envelop him in a hug that he fails to consider the exposure of his hands until he feels their warmth rubbing circles in his back, tugging him closer when he tries to pull away.

Dream has to let him go eventually. And when he does, the first place George looks is his hands—caught awkwardly in front of his body, fiddling with one of the rings he wears around his fingers.

Rings? George lets himself be distracted by the jewelry for a moment before he notices the tattoo.

The fucking hand tattoo. As if Dream's hands aren't already hot without the added decorations—decorations George hasn't even considered in his little fantasies. The ones when he's moaning into his pillow, spilling the name of *Dream* into silky fabric until it's practically overused by his tongue.

These fantasies are going to be heavily indulged in when he goes back to the UK.

A swirl of dark ink etches itself across Dream's right hand, the head of a snake matching the protrusion of royal blue veins where its tongue splits diagonally over the skin of his middle finger. Serpentine features wrap around the expanse of sun-kissed flesh, tail trailing up his wrist and leaving too much to the imaginative eye. Numbers sit just above Dream's cuticles, ink too small for George to make them out, and there's a cross on his pollex. The rings only add to the design—sitting snugly on ring and thumb fingers.

The snake takes up the majority of Dream's hand, its intentions being less than innocent when it's

being gazed upon by wandering umber. And George supposes the staring makes Dream diffident about the decorations as he shoves his hands in the pockets of his jeans.

George wishes he didn't.

"How was your flight?"

It's the first words Dream says to him, a shy blush tinted high on his cheeks as the words fall out confidently. George doesn't process the words until many seconds later, his mind is poisoned with the image of that godforsaken tattoo. He almost forgets to respond.

"It was okay," he mumbles. "Wouldn't recommend a ten-hour flight to anyone; my fucking bones are sore."

Dream smiles, a sliver of white sparking behind pink lips. "You can rest when we get home. Do you have your bags?"

One look at George's bag-less hands could answer Dream's question, but he still finds himself shaking his head. Dream asks him what it looks like. George tells him it has his name on it. And if he stares at the ripple of veins beneath black ink when Dream grips onto the handle of his suitcase, lifting the heavy thing as if it weighs nothing, that's nobody's business but his.

And as Dream directs them around the crowded Orlando airport—after refusing to let George carry his own bags—George doesn't bother to engage in a conversation; his excuse tails around the end of being too tired. But in reality, he's too busy thinking about Dream's stupidly big and stupidly inked-up hands.

Something in his adulterated mind begs to touch blackness, wants to feel the roughness of skin and the protrude of covered-up veins. He wants to watch him grip anything of reach with resilient strength, observe the way the tendons flex and rings click against the object he could hold.

And he can't help the thought of wanting those same serpentine hands to wrap around his throat. To feel cold rings pressed flush to his skin as Dream squeezes the sides of his neck with numbered fingers and a cross-picked thumb is something from the most guilty of pleasures. But, of course, they're new, because never would George have thought Dream's hand would be so decorated.

Dream pretends to hold open the automatic doors of the building's exit, mumbling something stupid for which George laughs and calls him an idiot.

"I can carry my own bags, you know," George tries to reason with his stubborn friend as they walk through ventures of twists and turns.

"Nah, I got it, Georgie."

The playful smirk resting on plush lips captivates George's view for a second too long, flushing red when he looks away with a smile. Because even with his secret obsession, he's *here*, in Florida, with Dream by his side as he's led to the other's car.

He doesn't bring up the tattoo on the ride home, only stares from the passenger seat as Dream taps along to the beat of radioed music. And it's always fascinating to watch how someone's hands will flex with the barest movement, even more fascinating when said hands are decorated with permanent black and metal rings. So, all in all, George finds Dream beguiling. He always has.

And sure, maybe his obsession started because Dream's hands are the first thing he's ever really seen of the other—but now that he's seen that freckled face and the way blond hair falls in front of

green eyes, George thinks he may just have a thing for hands.

Especially ones tatted with dark ink in the shape of a viper.

He's trying so hard to keep his thoughts in check, to not think about venom-like hands trailing over his body as he has many times before; it wouldn't be proper best friend etiquette to get hard thirty minutes after landing in a new country. And his lack of hand-content for the last six or so months has been redeemed, because he's *finally* able to get a glimpse of something he's been longing for.

Maybe he's pathetic. Or perhaps he's a little *too* infatuated with Dream's hands for this to be considered typical behavior.

He's tempted to ask Dream when he got it, wanting to know if the needle hurt when it cut through his skin and marked him with permanent sable designs. He assumes it's around the time pictures stopped crowding his camera roll, forcing him to look back at old delineations of unmarked flesh when the entire time it's because Dream got a fucking tattoo.

George wonders why Dream kept it a secret for so long, but he doesn't dare open his mouth to catechize the blond's antics.

Instead, he averts his gaze to an unfamiliar world outside the car window. His eyes slip shut, blocking out the view of the setting sun, and he doesn't remember falling asleep or the timbre laugh that floats in the air.

When Dream wakes him up with a shake to his shoulder, the sky has fallen dark. And after he's finally inside Dream's house, after meeting Patches with a simple wave and a dumb pout when she runs away from him—after pulling his suitcase into the guest bedroom Dream so graciously set up just for him, he flops on the bed and wails into the pillows.

He's never even considered tattoos to be a part of his deepest desires, fantasies that string him along until he's crying out Dream's name with the pulse of his cock—but now, it's all he can think about. It's all he'll *ever* think about for the next week, and he hopes Dream will provide him with more pictures of that pretty snake swirled on his hand and wrist when he flies back home.

After his little temper tantrum, George puts his belongings in the empty dresser close to the closet made from mirrors—which the bed is ironically placed close to. The mere glimpse of his face makes him believe he looks a little too pathetic; red tints his cheeks, rises over the bridge of his nose and splays down his neck.

George wants to curse himself for allowing Dream to render him stupidly besotted by a damn tattoo and rings.

Part of him wishes he said no to Dream's proposition to come out to Florida, that he's too busy for the next few months and he can't make it. But he's nothing if not selfish when it comes to the opportunity of seeing Dream.

He tries to make himself presentable, tries to think of something else besides black ink and metal rings to lessen the crimson shade of his face. And when he deems himself successful, George makes his way to the living room where Dream sits on his couch, arms stretched out above the tops of cushions and eyes trained on the television.

“Hey,” George tries to sound confident, but his tone is nothing but a weak strain.

George steps over to the recliner situated close to the couch, sitting down haphazardly before bringing his knees close to his chest. And if his eyes noticeably linger on Dream's hands, the other

doesn't say anything.

"Hi," Dream smiles. "You settled in?"

The brunet nods. "Yeah, it didn't take too long."

There's something unbearable in the air, the two boys altogether avoiding the elephant in the room that is Dream's tattoo. George thinks if he brings it up, he won't stop asking about it for the rest of the night. But he does stare. *God*, does he stare at serpentine designs until he feels the same snake on Dream's skin wrapping around his wrists, trapping him in his own desires.

Dream taps his fingers against beige cushions, George not caring to notice the rise of a curious eyebrow until Dream pipes up first.

"Do you like it?"

George snaps his eyes over to green forests, catching the glint of darkness that sparks with fireworks. "W-What?"

"My tattoo," Dream says it like it's obvious, lifting his fingers to enunciate the words. "You've been staring at it since you've landed. So I'm asking if you like it."

It's almost as if words suddenly become hard to formulate on his tongue, George stuttering around pathetically, grappling for air. And he wants to say that *yes, he likes it*, that Dream's hands have been the object of his desires for the last year and a half (or more, if he's honest). But the only thing he can answer with is a shade of a deep red he tried so badly to get rid of back in his room.

It's a good enough answer for Dream, however.

"It's a cool design. Sapnap picked it out for me."

"Sapnap knew?" George can't help but feel a little envious of his other friend.

Dream grins, bringing his decorated hand in front of his face in the shape of a fist. "Yeah, he picked out the snake, and the numbers are my birthday."

George swallows thickly. "It's uh... it's nice. I like it."

Lips persuade to a smirk. "Yeah?"

"Yeah..."

The tension grows with thick strands of ebon perfection, drawing them together even if they're a room across from one another. Venom lays over every newly frayed nerve in George's body, ash-grey ink tearing him to shreds in the best way possible. And if he knew about the tattoo in the first place, he thinks he wouldn't be having this internal dilemma his first night in Florida.

It sucks trying to push down his steadily growing arousal because of a stupid tattoo that's a little *too* attractive on Dream's hand.

George pathetically swallows the lump in his throat. "Do you," he clears his voice to rid the weakness, "do you have anything else?"

"Anything else?"

"Like, like tattoos or—or... piercings?"

It's probably a dumb question; Dream doesn't have any metal adorning that pretty face of his, but George still asks. Just to make sure there isn't anything hidden beneath clothes.

Dream shakes his head. "Nothing besides ear piercings. Not yet, at least," his eyes wander over George's face.

"Why don't you have one for the other hand?"

"I dunno," the blond shrugs. "Didn't feel like getting another one done yet," a pause. "Do you wanna pick one out for me?"

The brunet deems it fair in his mind since Sapnap picked out Dream's current ones, but he'd care to pick out silver metal—or black to match the tattoos—to puncture the tan skin above his eyebrow or his dripping strawberry lips. Or maybe George will pick out something a little more... vulgar. Like something to adorn the pink slickness between his thighs.

Though now that he's *really* thinking about it, George would rather find something to decorate Dream's other hand—the unmarked flesh practically free real estate to a perverted mind such as his own.

"You seem to like the idea," Dream's cockiness drips like saccharine poison. "Do you?"

George follows the movements of a tattooed hand, metal rings jarring to his line of vision. "Maybe. What's it to you?"

Dream laughs. "No need to get defensive, Georgie. It's just a question."

An utterly humiliating question, George thinks to himself. He contemplates pushing his mild stubbornness even more, wanting to ask Dream if he wanted George to pick out his next design. He doesn't; he nods his head in tandem with a curt "yes."

There's silence that follows, George adamant about keeping his eyes away from Dream's hands as he feels the burn of viridian on white, untouched skin. He wishes the world would swallow him whole so he wouldn't have to deal with the consequences of lust-driven actions later. Because, honestly, he'd rather not have his lips a deep shade of crimson from the way ivory teeth dig into pink to keep needy sounds nothing above a faint noise. George also prefers not to stain bed sheets that aren't his with sticky white desires.

And he's trying so hard not to let himself reflect that wanton lust, but the blush on his cheeks dare to give him away.

"Wanna look at the ones I have?"

George has never moved faster to get a feel of inked-up skin under his fingertips. And Dream's cocky expression holds the entire short stride to the couch, George plopping down probably way too close. But if Dream notices, he doesn't call him out for it. Instead, the blond lazily holds his hand out in front of George, biting grin on pretty lips and confidence radiating behind green eyes. George is hesitant, looking up with pure innocence in swirls of umber before tentatively touching covered-black skin with unmarred alabaster.

The size difference doesn't shock him, but it does render him speechless for a moment too long. And, *fuck*, Dream's hands are so soft.

He stares, waiting for the snake on Dream's upper hand to jump out and bite him. Inject poison into his bloodstream until his vision is blurry and he can't breathe; he'd love it still, especially if said

snake is in disguise of metal adorned fingers.

Curiously, George lets himself lay a hand on top of Dream's.

"Your hands are big," he doesn't mean to let it slip. "...so big."

"I know," Dream bites back. "Bigger than yours."

It almost makes George whimper, swallowing the noise before it becomes pathetic enough to coat the air in thick strands of desire. And Dream is right—it's blatantly obvious, too, that his hands are much bigger than George's—and somewhere within that idiom lies something unsaid. Something entirely erogenous for the brunet's brain that pushes him further into his corrupted-by-a-tattoo thoughts.

He wonders what Dream's fingers would feel like in his mouth, wonders if he'll taste the resemblance of poison when they prod at his tongue until spit decorates his chin. And he wants to know how they'll feel down his throat, if Dream would keep eye contact, make George gag around his fingers until pretty tears are slipping from thick eyelashes.

Get it together, George.

He can't.

"Do you like my hands?" Dream asks as if he doesn't know, voice tracing with cockiness and faux curiosity.

George doesn't have it in him to lie. "A lot."

Dream smiles. George doesn't catch it. And the blond tentatively moves his hand, fingers wrapping around George's. It gives them both an insight into how huge the size difference between them really is—as if it isn't obvious when they stand next to each other, Dream towering over the brunet without struggle, even when they're sitting on a couch.

"What do you like about them?"

It feels like a trick question, and George wonders if he should allow himself to fall victim to it. To let himself lay out all of his fantasies and late-night doings to the man in front of him seems to be the best option he can think of. But George likes so many things about Dream's hands—like how the veins move under the skin and the length of his fingers.

Now, it's the way black ink permanently covers sun-kissed mercy. And the way Dream's fingers practically engulf all of his; the size difference would be the death of him, he's figured that much out.

"Pretty" is the only response he can conjure up. "Wanna taste them."

"You do?"

George nods with a pathetic whimper when Dream squeezes his fingers, looking up with glossy eyes that show the submissive demeanor behind burnt umber. And with that cocky smirk resting on Dream's lips, George can't help but want to kiss it off.

Before he gets the chance to do that, Dream drops his hand, raising two of his fingers to George's mouth. "Go on then."

And without any trace of hesitation—perhaps it’s the eagerness that envelops his bones—George lets his jaw drop, allowing poison-laced fingers to slip into his mouth. He’s right about tasting venom. It’s intoxicating above all else, releasing dopamine to his brain until he’s on the edge of becoming more addicted than he already is.

Dream pushes his fingers inside slowly, nudging spit-covered pink so as not to give George too much too fast. Lust-clouded eyes spark, pupils blown to quarters in pools of green as Dream watches George close pretty lips around his digits. And from his perspective, the brunet brings upon detrimental effects of healing wrath, cozying up next to the snake wrapped on his wrist in an attempt to make peace with the serpentine beast.

George feels like his skin explodes with fire, golden drops of blood flaring white flesh until it burns through the epidermis with unrelenting confection. He welcomes it with open arms, whimpering around Dream’s fingers when he presses down on his tongue.

He lets himself relish in the moment, scared he’ll wake up at some point and find himself stuck in a dream—a really *good* dream. Because having Dream’s hands close to him, two fingers shoved in his mouth, feels like something out of his makeshift realities. So he swirls his tongue around the thickness as if his life depends on it, tries to give Dream the best show he can muster through his flustered state just in case *this* comes to a sudden end.

Uncut nails scrape against pink, George moaning from the movement as his eyes flutter shut. He dips his head lower to try and feel the tips of Dream’s fingers at the back of his throat.

Dream hums sadistically. “Want me to fuck your pretty mouth with my fingers, angel?”

The pathetic noise of agreement is just that—pathetic. George nods, the pet name sending shivers throughout his body, along with the promise of having Dream down his throat. And maybe it’s too soon to be in this position of vulnerability, too soon to be falling apart in front of Dream, not even a day into his visit.

Slowly, Dream pulls his fingers out, letting them catch on George’s lips before pushing them back in. It’s gentle at first, Dream’s thrusts nothing but tests to see if George can take it, and when the blond deems him well enough, the pacing becomes faster.

And George just takes it—he takes it so well, every prod to the back of his throat earning a spitting moan that’s nothing but desperate. He tastes the red-viper poison that mixes with saliva, transparency dripping from the corners of his mouth as his inability to swallow is corrupted by thick fingers.

George wants to know if the sight Dream is graced with is mesmerizing. With the way Dream is staring at his lips, he assumes so.

The pads of Dream’s fingers begin to press down on George’s tongue hard enough to coax his jaw more open than it already is. And when they reach the back of his throat, he barely gags, tears quick to stain (now wide) umber eyes and make them appear more submissive than they already are. George hopes this isn’t a dream.

“So fucking *pliant* in my hands,” Dream murmurs, dragging his fingers in and out. “God, just *look* at you. Already crying for me, aren’t you, angel?”

His response is a weak moan, curling his tongue between the two fingers in his mouth. And George swears up and down he can feel himself slipping; being able to just have Dream, his hands—those unbearably hot hands—touching him, sending his body into overdrive. A trail of spit slips

down the slope of his chin, muffled sounds being the obscenities to cover the air and tell Dream how much he's actually enjoying this.

He can't help but keen in response to having Dream's fingers down his throat, completely pathetic in the way he tries to push his head down in time of the shallow thrusts. But before he can fully understand Dream's poisonous fingers, they're pulled away. Spit slicks his cheeks as a strong grip is placed on his face, forcing his mouth open slightly.

"So messy from your own spit," Dream punches out, eyeing the glistening trail of saliva on George's chin. "You look pretty like this."

George gasps when Dream leans closer, a wet tongue licking a stride over his lips. Warmth envelops him for a moment, soft pink brushing together in a way that makes him crave more, and so he chases Dream's mouth when he begins to pull away.

"I'd be prettier if it was yours," he whispers.

Dream smirks. "Mine?"

"Please," George nods, "spit... spit in my mouth."

With that same ice-splitting expression, Dream slides his hand down to George's neck. He doesn't apply any pressure, just lets his fingers rest on the sides of a pale expanse. George wishes he would squeeze, make his head fuzzier than it already is in the presence of his tattooed friend that he's a little too infatuated with. But he supposes Dream's next words can suffice as well.

"Open up then."

George does, dropping his jaw enough to let his tongue fall against his bottom lip. And his heart beats against his ribcage, pounding in his head where fireworks erupt in pretty sparks of vermillion. The added height Dream is graced with forces him to slump forwards, sucking on the side of his cheeks before a trail of hot spit hits George's tongue and metal and tattoo adorned fingers squeeze around his neck.

The stimulation to his brain wracks his body tenfold, hands trembling as he reaches out for Dream—to hold onto the side of his hip, cotton shirt twisting in frail fingers. He moans at the feeling, eyes fluttering shut and tongue reeling back into his mouth.

He struggles to swallow, *Dream's* spit burning the inside of his esophagus in the best way possible while his hand burns the outside of pale skin. He wants to think there's a metaphorical imprint of Dream on his throat.

"Good boy," Dream draws with a smile. "Didn't even have to ask."

"Thank you," the brunet whispers, eyes coaxed open by the praise. He tries not to focus on Dream's hand fleeing from his neck. "Can you kiss me?"

Considering previous actions, the request isn't out of the ordinary, but it makes George utterly embarrassed when it settles in the air. Carmine features become more prominent at the trace of his words, hands coming up to try and cover his face, cover his shame.

"Sorry, that was probably weird—"

Dream drags him onto his lap without a word, George cutting off mid-sentence as he's seated with his knees on either side of Dream's thighs. It's a vulnerable position; George can feel the heat

between his legs, and he wonders if Dream can, too. Because if he can, it's obvious how turned on he's become just from serpentine hands flaying pearly, untouched skin.

"It's not weird," Dream whispers, hot breath fanning over George's face. He can nearly taste the roses that bloom on his tongue. "Would you like me to kiss you?"

"Please," George nods, strands of chocolate falling in his eyes.

A venomous hand reaches out to cup George's face, crossed thumb dragging over the apple of his cheeks—he can feel the coldness of rings against his skin. Lips brush together in matching serenity, bittersweet want laving on pink tongues, and when the gap closes, Dream's lips aren't as soft as his words were just a mere minute ago. Because it feels like Dream wants to eat George alive with the way ivory teeth are quick to nip at velvet flesh, earning a sharp gasp in response.

The kiss is better than anything George could've made up in his fantasies when he was an ocean away. Because Dream's lips taste like saccharine citrus, tart when he licks into George's mouth, and sweet when he deepens the kiss, tangerine flames blaze where their bodies connect. George can't swallow the whimper that escapes when Dream's free hand bruises his waist and drags him against his erection.

Umber eyes fly open, entranced by the smirk that dances on lemon tainted lips, and Dream lolls his tongue out to slick soon-to-be bruised pink.

George's hips are dragged forwards again, trails of orchids growing under his skin. And the arousal can't be pushed down any longer, growing thick petals to be poisoned with black prose by the end of the night. He thinks they already are—with the tattoo still lingering in his mind, he's nothing but intoxicated with the thoughts of *Dream*.

His whimpers are swallowed by Dream's mouth, his hips moving without the aid of large hands as he cups the other's cheeks. It's sizzling hot, and George wouldn't have asked for anything more—especially if it meant burning alive at the hands of Dream.

"You're so fucking *eager*, George," Dream spits on strawberry lips. "Already riding me like a mutt."

"Don't call me that," George quips.

Dream smirks. "What would you prefer I call you then?" Large hands bruise fields of wilted roses on George's waist, tainted skin gripped by evil hands. "Slut? Princess? Fucking *mine*?"

George whines, nodding when his hands fall to broad shoulders as he lets his body take control, hips rolling to chase the tail end of his arousal.

"Yours," he whispers. "Wanna be yours—your pretty princess. Please."

A laugh sparks the air along with a jolt of red in George's bones. "You can be mine, sweetheart."

And after a moment of silence, after pitiful whimpers being the only thing to fill that silence, George asks, "Can I suck you off?" Because, fuck, he wants to taste Dream in his mouth. When he gets a striking grin in response, George slides down, knees hitting rough carpet as he settles between Dream's legs. A tattooed hand falls on fabric-covered thighs, George eyeing the designs just for the sake of taking it in once more—maybe his little obsession could be a good thing. It got him here, didn't it?

"Stop looking at my hands and start sucking my fucking cock like you wanted to."

George swallows, tearing his gaze away from pretty ink. “But I like them.”

“And you’ll like my dick better. So hurry it up.”

The urge to roll his eyes is fought off, George rather opting to raise his hands to the other’s belt, playing with the metal clasp before dainty thumbs unbuckle it. The leather is soft beneath his fingers, tugging the strap through the loops of Dream’s jeans as he tries not to eye the obvious bulge making its presence known—it’s fucking big, and it has George practically drooling already.

He swallows the excess spit gathered under his tongue, shaky hands fiddling with a button. “Are you sure?”

“Of course, I’m sure, angel,” Dream reassures, a soft smile replacing the tantalizing smirk. “Plus, I wanna see what else that whore mouth of yours can take.”

George can’t stop the whine that slips out at the degrading words, a flush of rose petals pleating themselves over his cheeks, making them appear redder than they probably should be. And he knows he likes the way derogatory idioms sound foaming off Dream’s tongue, but still, he never expected to *feel* so good at the pretty prose—delicate flowers decorate his bones, brittle and oh-so-easy to contort to whoever’s liking. (Right now, it’s Dream’s).

The ring of the metallic zipper echoes with the beat of George’s heart in his ears, and when his fingers dip underneath the hem of denim jeans, pulling them down, he hates to have to ask his next question.

“Can you... Can you lift your hips?”

He wonders why Dream didn’t do it in the first place.

Dream’s smirk is all too cocky, but he does as George asks, allowing for his pants to be tugged off and thrown to the side. His underwear clings to his body, George notices a small patch of dampness where the tip of his cock rests near his thigh, and he reaches out to run a curious thumb over it.

“You’re wet.”

He misses the roll of viridian, too busy leaning down to taste the precum leaking through cotton fabric. Dream’s hiss is audible, a hand threading itself through brown locks almost immediately. George smirks to himself, knowing he’s finally gotten what he’s dreamt of for a while. And despite the impending rawness of his knees the next morning, he intended to make this the best blow job of Dream’s life—even if his underwear is still on.

George digs his tongue into the clothed slit of Dream’s cock, favoring the moan that erupts in a low timbre of pleased senses. And as he drags up, sliding wetness over top sensitivity, he feels the way Dream pulses from velvety pink.

Bittersweetness blooms with a nasty bite, the taste of precum blooming on his tongue becoming more than intoxicating once he finally has it. It’s addicting in the way an addict is drawn to their next fix—George figures Dream is his drug, and so is that snake on his arm and wrist.

He doesn’t have to claw for scraps anymore, doesn’t have to scour the internet for any resemblance of Dream’s hands in other men, because he finally has them. And maybe he doesn’t have to drag his hands down his body and *just pretend* that they were the blond’s back when he was in the dark about marked-up skin—because again, he has them in his hold for the next however long.

As he plants soft kisses to Dream’s cock, he can’t help but wonder how tatted hands would look

wrapped around his length—if the dark ink would juxtapose the pink flush of his dick. He wants to know if sticky white would compare beautifully to the black designs of a viper on veiny hands, if his cum would look good on sun-kissed skin. He intends to find out.

“Fuck, angel,” Dream groans. “Please, hurry up.”

He wants to shoot out a “be patient,” tell Dream that he wants to take his time with him. But his desires ultimately get the best of him—because perhaps he has too much sympathy for the devil, lithe fingers dipping under the elastic of underwear as it occurs to him that maybe everything is happening too soon. That he isn’t supposed to be on his knees for his best friend, not even a day into his stay in America.

But he’s never been good with temptation. And when Dream is sitting there, serpentine features reaching out and offering him a pretty red apple, he can’t do anything other than accept the gracious gift. Going against all other rules he’s sworn to live by if things ever reached this point.

It’s not unholy in his sense; it was never meant to be the second his minor obsession with Dream’s hands become present in his life.

All in all, George’s words are left unsaid, slipping from his mind the second Dream’s cock hits his stomach with a lewd *slap*. And holy fucking hell—George almost moans from the sight, the pinkish-red tip glistening with a vile sheen of precum that beads down his abnormally large dick. He bites his lip to stifle the pathetic sound.

“You’re—*oh my god*,” George cuts off. “So bi...big.”

He can hear the growing confidence when Dream speaks up. “Yeah? I’m big, princess?”

George nods, eyes trained on how precum slips down the slope of Dream’s cock, how the tip juxtaposes pretty red with the darkened skin of the base. And his jaw drops slightly when a blacked-out hand is removed from his hair and is replaced on the largeness presented in front of him where Dream gives a light squeeze.

Spit gathers beneath his tongue, the slickness burning when he swallows. George drags his knees across the carpet until they hit the baseboard of the couch, scooting closer to Dream and reaching his hands out. He doesn’t know when grey fabric slipped down Dream’s legs, pooling at his ankle, but he’s glad it isn’t in the way anymore.

A small hand runs over a large one, Dream taking the hint and moving his own to the side to allow George to wrap dainty fingers around the base. And it’s almost a struggle, the blond’s cock too big for George to touch the pads of his fingers. (That just proves how big Dream really is, and he wonders if he’ll be able to take all of it into his mouth, but he knows he’ll at least try).

He brings the tip of Dream’s cock to his lips, connecting pink to hot slickness before sliding it over the bottom of pretty plushness. George lets his tongue lavishly swirl around the head, tasting more of the bittersweet essence from before as he drags hints of warmth just enough to punch a light, breathy moan from Dream’s chest. That’s when he feels his own ego bloom with pearly resilience, desperate to draw louder and more sufficient sounds from the boy above him.

So he flattens his tongue over the frenulum, then curls it just enough to pull a whimper from Dream that goes straight to his dick. It sounds so vulgar, nothing but sinful to the ears, and it coaxes him to do it again and again, toungeing at the spot that seems to be Dream’s most sensitive area. He feels confident knowing he can make Dream feel like this—that *he* is the one to be on his knees between strong legs.

George leans back suddenly, gathering the spit in his mouth before letting it fall onto the head of pinkish-red need, hand dragging up to spread it all over. The precum is another use of lubricant for the dryness of his palm, saliva sticky and hot on his skin when he begins to flick his wrist in short yet calculated movements.

“You’ll ruin my mouth with something this big,” George whispers.

“I’d ruin you in general, sweetheart.”

That statement seems true; Dream’s cock will ruin him, make his jaw ache with a burn he’s never bothered to want back in university. He usually never hooked up then, besides a lousy jock of a boyfriend who always seemed to be afraid to touch him. George always had to do the work, even if, in the end, he was left to finish himself off while the guy slept in *his* dormitory.

Dream has already proved to be better than him—in so many different ways, too.

“I doubt I’d be able to walk later,” the brunet says, voicing all of his thoughts now rather than later before the regret can set thoroughly in his bones and make him ashamed.

The blond doesn’t answer him with audible words, pressing out a small laugh that’s too attractive in George’s ears, followed by a calloused moan when he reels his tongue out again to slide it over the head. It’s more than entrancing with the hold of viridian on chocolate, pink dust settling on both tan and alabaster cheeks.

An abrasion of yellow voltage runs through George’s body, cutting his shyness in half with a sharp knife and matching the blaze of inferno he feels when his knees shift on the rough carpet. And he isn’t in the mood to tease anymore, dragging his palm down to the base of Dream’s cock and steadying it there while he begins to sink.

Saccharine and strawberries fill his senses, a pathetic noise crawling up the back of his throat when he feels Dream pulse on his tongue. It’s choked with spit and trapped in the depths of his chest almost immediately.

A hand is threaded in his hair again, desperate to push his head down and have George take more—he doesn’t budge in the slightest, wanting to have this moment for just a little longer.

But George eventually gives in, dipping his head lower and lower until he feels Dream practically bulging in his throat. He’d swear on everything that there’s an intrusion poking out from the expanse, so he uses his other hand to wrap it around his neck tentatively. And sure enough, he can feel Dream’s cock underneath the burning white skin.

He whines brokenly, eyes flying shut in response to the fuzzy feeling the bulge influences on his head. Blazes of tangerine fire drip through his bones, delicate arousal feeling oh-so-good as it threads through his skin and ties him together until he’s nothing but a pathetic mess on Dream’s cock.

When his nose presses against Dream’s pelvic, he almost feels accomplished; taking all of Dream in one stroke is victory enough as it is.

He pulls back, dragging his tongue over the underside of Dream’s cock. The hand in his hair grips tight enough to rip out the strands, pushing him back down unexpectedly until George gags on the intrusion. He can hear Dream stifle a broken laugh, a soft moan overlapping in a phonetic symphony.

Spit trails down his chin and lands in honeyed stains on the carpet, and he finds he doesn’t mind

the lack of oxygen when Dream's breath stutters. He lets him hold him there again, removing the hand on the base so he can sink even lower. It's a rush—blazing heat dripping down the bones of his spine and leaving a trail of burnt ash for him to breathe. Dream doesn't let up, and George thinks he quite enjoys the slight asphyxiation when a bare throat tilts back in pure, unfiltered pleasure.

He taps his free hand against Dream's thigh three times, *feeling* around his neck with his other as Dream pulls him off. George takes staggered breaths, gently coughing when he places both hands on Dream's knees and drips obscene saliva all over the couch.

"You okay, princess?" Dream asks, loosening the grip in his hair to card venomous fingers gently through knotted strands.

George nods, blinking away the tears that line his eyes. "'m fine," he coughs again. "Just wanted you to..."

Blond hair sways when Dream looks down at him, tilting his head slightly. "Want me to what?" he asks, and sparse mortification clouds George's mind. He shakes his head. "I won't know unless you tell me, George." Dream's voice dips low when he speaks, gravelly undertones coaxing George's cock to twitch in his jeans.

"You know," he mutters sheepishly.

"Do I?" Dream's teases, running a thumb across swollen lips, pushing inside with filthy intentions. "I think I wanna hear you say it."

But George can't give up that easily, not when Dream is so *hot* while he's allowing himself to be wholly stubborn.

Another shake of his head, and he swirls his tongue around Dream's thumb. The blond tuts, pressing down on George's teeth hard enough to pry his jaw open with complimentary ease.

And just when George thinks he's about to give in, beg for Dream to use his throat for all his guilty pleasures and relieve them both of burning tension, there's a hot substance dripping down his cheeks. It's cold against his fuming jaw, dripping into his mouth with mercurial rapidity.

Dream spit on his face, and wet pink lolls out without even being asked as he savors saccharine saliva on his tongue. The boy preens above him, praises George with a quick slap to his cheek, and he moans with desirous ambitions to see the mark it leaves tomorrow.

"Want me to fuck your pretty whore mouth, baby? Is that it?"

The more than dirty words make George choke on his breath, a pitiful whimper challenging the air as his eyes flutter shut. All he's able to get out within the fumbled mess of his head is a weak "yes."

He guesses it's enough for Dream, feeling the boy's overly slick cock tap his lips and not having to be told to drop his jaw.

Dream takes it slow at first, threading fingers through George's hair again—he doesn't know when they left—and pushing his head down. George can take it this time, prepared for his throat to be tighter than before and the lack of oxygen he'll readily enjoy once Dream starts moving his hips.

He looks up with less than innocent intentions, catching the dilation of pupils within the sea of verdant apprehension. George moans weakly, hoping to coax Dream into hurrying up the process.

And he does, but not without a biting smirk and a curt “eager slut” to adorn the brunet’s ears.

George lets Dream have his way with his mouth, lets Dream drag him up and down his length by his hair until the roots hurt. He doesn’t mind the pain—not one bit, not when it’s *Dream* being the fundamental cause of it.

The other begins to jerk his hips, pushing his length down George’s throat, possibly even deeper than George could get by himself. And he loves the feeling of getting what he craves, of getting Dream’s large cock shoved down his throat until he’s a mess of choked moans and hot spit that drips down his chin.

It’s better than any fantasy he could ever conjure up. George exalts the way of Dream’s hands and Dream’s cock in the back of his mind as he gets his mouth split open by thickness. Pulling more than obscene sounds from the back of his throat that are muffled and vibrated onto Dream’s dick to make him moan. And he loves the way Dream hips move, fucking pretty plushness without remorse.

Spit seeps out from the corners of his lips, the sounds entirely unholy with each gag that protrudes. When he tightens his lips to keep it from escaping, ivory teeth graze the top of Dream’s cock, making the blond stutter his mean thrusts.

“*Fuck*,” Dream moans, eyes rolling to the back of his head as the grip in George’s hair gets tighter, “do it again, baby. Y-Your teeth—please. So close, doll.”

The begging makes George’s ego boost with tangerine flames, grazing his teeth over sensitive skin again and feeling the sporadic pulse of Dream on his tongue. And when he’s reminded of his own situation between his thighs, he brings a hand down, forearm pressing against the straining erection as he closes his legs around his arm. The stimulation against his tongue and now to his cock is enough to have him whimpering pathetically, glossy eyes spilling with pleasurable tears.

He watches Dream tilt his head back, jaw dropped and eyes closed, his hips never stilling. And to make everything better, George rolls his tongue around the head of Dream’s dick when he pulls out enough.

“God, fuck, fuck, *fuck*,” Dream curses at the ceiling. “Gonna cum, baby—fuck, don’t stop doing that.”

George tightens his lips, practically giving Dream the best head he’s ever given in his life before warmth spreads through his mouth, painting the back of his throat with scorching hot liquid. It tastes of honey and bitterness, salty and sweet on a velvet tongue as Dream fucks George’s mouth through his orgasm—fucks it right up to the verge of overwhelming stimulation. And with warm cum and Dream’s cock still in his mouth, sticky white spills out from the corners of his lips as Dream stutters to a stop.

Dream is half-flaccid when he pulls out, cock jerking from the aftermath of his orgasm, and he doesn’t notice George swallowing the remaining cum in his mouth.

The brunet whines to coax Dream’s attention to him, pout jutting out on his lips.

“What is it, baby?” Dream smirks.

“I want you to fuck me.”

His voice is almost gone, raspy and low that it sounds unfamiliar even to him. But he supposed that was Dream’s plan (and his) when his mouth was being fucked by thickness—George thinks he can

still feel it in the back of his throat.

He wipes his mouth with the back of his hand. “Please, Dreamie. Go again... for me?”

Something dark underlines green eyes, a breathless “fuck” falling into the air before telling George, “Your bedroom—now.”

Smiling all too innocently, George stands on wobbly knees, rushing to the guest room as Dream follows behind after tugging his underwear back on.

And when the door slams behind them, George is tossed on the bed with a feverish strength, gasp filtering into the air before Dream crawls on top of him, muffling any surprised sounds by his mouth. The kiss is more heated than before, driving an edge between submission and wanting to keep himself reconciled against the harsh disparity of serpentine hands.

It doesn’t last long. Dream opts to bite scorching-hot kisses to the skin underneath George’s jawline, sucking pretty vermilion marks to claim the boy as his own without officially saying it. (As if they weren’t already his since the beginning when destiny altered to their inner paths with each other).

Pretty lips split with a reckoning whimper, ringing through the guest bedroom in a blur when Dream digs his teeth into the side of his neck. A wet tongue instantly soothes the pain, and George is sure that the blond could’ve broken skin—not that he’d mind either way.

Damaging fleets of red and purple are ordained to splay across a milky throat come the next few hours, and George would be lying if he said that more weren’t placed the very next day.

His head is tilted to the ceiling, giving Dream access to claim more skin with a venomous edge of intoxication. George really does believe it when he thinks he’s becoming addicted to having Dream’s hands on his body—as if he wasn’t addicted before, nights of spilling into his hand or on blue bed sheets all because of Dream’s hands coming front center in his mind. He supposes it isn’t weird anymore.

Dream sits up once he deems George’s neck to be satisfactory, strong hands gripping the backs of his thighs to spread his legs apart.

“So pretty, baby,” Dream coos, scooting himself between George’s legs. “Want me to fuck you silly? Make you forget your own goddamn name because you’re too busy screaming mine?”

George thinks he loses it then, a loud whine punctuating the air as he nods. Cold hands that he’s too obsessed with slip under his shirt, pressing into his skin hard enough to create minor divots in pretty flesh before the fabric is dragged up and off his body. It leaves his torso exposed to the primal man above, the man who flattens his hand against silky white and admires the size discrepancy George knows already exists.

“How long have you liked my hands?”

And George isn’t thrown off by the jarring question, but he doesn’t expect it, sputtering in the air. “I-I don’t—I don’t know.”

“Did you get off to them? Every screenshot you took, did you look at them and imagine it was me touching you?”

George’s breathing becomes staggered within seconds, chest heaving when Dream drags rough hands down. Cold metal burns, the bite of a viper searing his skin with metaphorical crimson until

he's arching into the touch instead of answering. Because it's likely Dream already knows the answer to his questions, only asking to provoke pretty reactions from George that are nothing but pathetic.

"Dream," George whines, "please, I can't wait anymore. Just—Just fuck me."

With a starkly dark laugh, Dream dips his hands underneath the hem of George's jeans once unbuttoning them, stripping them from a small body along with underwear. They're thrown to the side, and then Dream is ridding himself of his shirt.

"Do you have lube, princess?"

George shakes his head. "Didn't think I needed it."

Dream smirks, sliding off the bed, but not after telling George to stay still and keep his hands to himself—George listens, willing himself to be good while Dream is gone. His cock leaks onto his stomach, hands left by his head so he can't give in to any temptations he might have.

The blond comes back minutes later, a bottle of lube tossed on the bed with a *thud*. Dream tugs his underwear off before crawling back to his previous position.

"You listened?"

"Wanna be good for you," George murmurs, eyes heavy with lust.

"You are, baby," Dream smiles, uninked hand reaching for the lube. "You're *so* good for me. Can't wait to fuck my good little princess."

Dream uncaps the bottle with his thumb, pouring a generous amount of clear liquid on three tattooed fingers. George watches him, excitement lingering in his bones that courses throughout every nerve and burns him alive—he couldn't wait to have venomous fingers inside of him, making him moan and whine and shake with resemblance of pleasure.

And Dream's hands are big—he's known this, established it and plastered it in his head, and in Dream's—and he knows that thick fingers will feel ten times better than whenever he does this to himself; that the stretch will be all too intoxicating. But he's ready for it, wants it so fucking badly to the point he begins to whine for Dream to hurry up.

He gets a dark laugh in return, Dream dropping lube-covered fingers to George's entrance.

"Patience, angel," Dream smiles, but paradoxically, slowly pushes his middle finger inside. "Gotta prep you well first, don't wanna hurt you."

George doesn't care about it hurting. Dream sinks to the first knuckle before going to the second just as quickly—the brunet is already drooling, eyes rolled to the back of his head as his hands twist in the bedsheets. He tries to fuck himself down on Dream's finger, but a strong, practically bruising grip is immediately turned to his hip, pinning him to the bed, so he can't move.

Dream pulls out just as slowly as he did pressing in, keeping George still until he drives back inside with harsh disparity. George chokes on a moan, squeezing his eyes shut as Dream continues his movements of dragging out and pushing in—it could almost become boring if it weren't for the way the blond curls his finger, sparking a loud gasp from George.

He fucks George on one digit until he's begging for another, and so Dream *gives* him another, lining his ring finger up before inching it inside. George can already feel the burn of the stretch,

can feel the coldness of metal rings against his rim when Dream pushes in.

All he can do is cry out to the wall behind him and try to buck his hips against the hand that holds him to the bed. It feels entirely too good to be true when Dream curls his fingers, hitting that spot inside of him that makes him see stars no matter the circumstances—if it were Dream’s fingers or his own.

“So good, sweetheart,” Dream praises with a smirk that George can’t see. “Taking my fingers so well.”

The brunet nods sporadically, a slurred response lost on his tongue when Dream hits his prostate head-on. Little chants of “please” and “more” fill the air but nothing else, legs shaking from the pleasure already as venom seeps into his bones and makes him more than pathetic as he writhes on the bed—utterly helpless against a serpentine hand.

Dream is mean. *Dream is so mean*, his fingers grazing George’s walls as he spreads them apart and curls them without mercy. George thinks he’s going crazy.

“Please,” George whines, “add another—I want more.”

“Greedy little thing, aren’t you?”

George nods, cock twitching where it lays untouched on his stomach. “For you, wan’ you. Please, Dreamie, *please* give me more.”

And Dream is a sensible man, but he’ll always give in to George, his index finger pushing alongside the others, and god, does that make George moan even more. He feels delusional, stuck in a dream he doesn’t want to wake up from but wants to have forever and ever—until the sun goes out and he’s stuck on the same plane as everyone else, heading to hell.

He’s close, too. A coil of lust builds low in his stomach, threatening to snap and flood every sense with overwhelming pleasure, and if Dream doesn’t stop, he’ll make a mess of himself. Though maybe that’s the other’s intention.

“Close,” he voices, warning Dream of his downfall. But the pleasure doesn’t stop. Instead, getting more and more continuous, and just as he’s on edge, about to be pushed over the cliff and drown in an ocean of dark desire, Dream pulls his fingers out, earning a high whine to reverberate off the walls.

“Don’t worry, sweetheart,” Dream smiles sadistically, meeting watery eyes. “You’ll get to cum soon.”

Without warning, Dream scoots back, bringing George with him and turning him over on his stomach so that he’s facing the closet mirror next to the bed. Strong arms pull his ass up in the air, chest flush to the bed, his head almost hanging off of the side. It’s a sudden rush to George’s head, making him dizzy but still wanting more—so he pushes his ass back against Dream.

“Are you gon’a fuck me now?” he asks. Hands knead at the plump flesh of his ass.

“Of course, angel,” Dream says. “Just do one thing for me,” he slides a hand up to George’s hair, softly pulling on the sore strands. “Look in the mirror. I want you to watch yourself get ruined.”

George whines, nodding his head in agreement. He feels slickness lining up with his hole, whimpering softly as he keeps his eyes trained on his reflection. He sees the way his eyes are puffy and his lips are bitten raw, swollen from the events in the living room—he honestly couldn’t have

asked for anything else. (He thinks he looks pretty like this, and he hopes Dream does, too).

The stretch burns in the best way possible when Dream sinks inside, eyes daring to flutter shut momentarily. His neck is angled awkwardly from the other's hold in his hair, but it only makes it easier for their eyes to meet in the mirror when they're open again.

"Look at you," Dream groans. "Such a fuckin' slut for me, Georgie, aren't you?"

"Y-Yes. Just for you, Dreamie."

A satisfied smirk rests on tan features, adorned by the setting sun slipping through the window. And just when George thinks Dream is all the way inside, he keeps going, filling George up so well that he believes he's being split apart. But it's nothing he wouldn't have wanted, nothing he hates either—because he enjoys the burn, the thickness of Dream's cock pushing inside of him so that his legs shake just from the sheer size.

When Dream's pelvis finally, *finally* connects with his ass, he can't help but throw a broken moan into the air as his toes curl and his head threatens to drop. Dream keeps him from doing so, reducing the strength he uses to hold him in place.

"Tell me when to move, angel."

George whines in agreement, breaths shallow and lips stained with everlasting drops of honey. "Move," he whispers seconds later.

Even though Dream is weary, he drops George's head—not after telling him to keep his eyes trained forwards—and slowly pulls out. He tries to keep the discomfort to a minimum, the head of his cock catching on tautness before slipping back in.

It's slow at first, so George can get used to something so large being inside of him. But he's nothing but desperate, grinding against Dream when he sinks all the way in again, jolts of pleasure sent throughout his body as his prostate is steadily stimulated. He sees Dream grin in the reflection of the mirror, ivory canines gleaming behind pink as he pulls out again—only this time, he slams back inside, earning a pitifully loud moan.

The pace becomes brutal, and George doesn't care to keep his eyes on the mirror anymore, head hitting the bed as he's jostled forward. Moans are never-ending, Dream fucking him fast and rough—and when he realizes George isn't looking anymore, his hand juts out, wrapping around a marked-up neck and pulling the boy up to his chest. His hips never stop moving.

"Did I say you could stop looking?" Dream whispers into George's ear, voice treading on the edge of a growl.

"M sorry—" George gasps. "Feels too good..."

From the mirror, George can see the way the snake on Dream's hand connects to his throat, can see the divots of a crossed thumb where it presses into the side of his carotid. He can feel where the cold metal of rings burns against the hot flush of amethyst inclined skin, and he can see the darkness in Dream's eyes as they bare into each other's desires.

The lack of oxygen to his brain is pleasurable, the coil in his stomach tightening again until it's practically unbearable—he can't even warn Dream when he cums all over the sheets. But it seems like Dream doesn't care about that, rather fucking George even harder to pull strained moans and congenial screams that are all too delightful.

George whines, legs shaking even more as he's pushed to the brink of overstimulation, and he drags his gaze down, breath caught in his throat at the sight.

There, in the mirror, *in his fucking stomach*, George can see *Dream*—a protruding bulge poking from his lower abdomen, and he can't help himself when he brings a trembling hand up to his navel. He feels the bulge—just as he did when he felt Dream in his throat—and his eyes roll to the back of his head. Dream is so fucking *big* that he protrudes from places George never thought he could do.

“Dr’ mie,” he slurs, “‘s you.”

Dream uses his free hand, drags it to where George holds, and feels exactly what George hovers slender fingers over. “Holy *fuck*, princess,” he groans, burying his nose into the crook of George’s neck. “Fuck, I’m gonna cum.”

With the final slap of sporadic thrusts that George can feel in his bones, Dream cums, spilling inside of George with a strained groan that makes him shiver. He rides out his second orgasm, letting go of the other’s throat, to which George only slumps forwards on the bed, body weak with pleasure and unable to hold himself up.

Cleaning up doesn’t take long, George letting Dream move him around while he fights his delayed jet lag and sleep. And soon, he can’t even do that anymore—Dream just tells him to go to sleep, that he’ll still be here when he wakes up.

That promise holds true, because when George does eventually wake up in new clothes that he doesn’t remember bringing with him, and Dream is right next to him, switching between scrolling through Twitter and messaging Sapnap.

“Sapnap says he’ll be home Monday,” Dream murmurs when he realizes George is awake. “So we have the house to ourselves for three more days.”

George feels content with that, snuggling closer to Floridian warmth. “I like that.”

“Me, too,” the blond sets his phone to the side, dragging George onto his lap. “Still wanna pick out my next tattoo?”

End Notes

comments and kudos are appreciated :]

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